SOMETHING GREAT. The trial was ended—the visil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last.
The goodlest knight in the whole wide land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The King looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said: "He is meet for some high emprise
To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate;
I will surely die, or do something great."

I win surely die, or do sometaing great.

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
into the woodland dark and wide.

Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild—

Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shock her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some squire or variet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met:
"Now, good Sir Knight, for Our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down;
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay," said the hnight; "I cannot wait;
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright.
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"Oh weep!" walled others with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed.
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him. He missed the good that he might have done He missed the blessings he might have won. Seeking some glorious task to find, His eyes to all humbler work were blind. He that is faithful in that which is least, Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast. Yet men and women lament their fate, If they be not called to do something great.

A FORTUNE IN A FORTNIGHT

It is not a pleasant situation to find oneself reduced to one's last half-crown, the wide world around, and not a friend in it. Such was my position when, through no fault of my own, I stood as solitary in the great city as though in the Desert of Sahara. I had been tuter in a boy's school for five years; the principal died, and it passed into a stranger's hands; the only home I ever knew, for I was placed there a motherless boy when my father went out as vice-consul to Zanzibar.

The climate killed him, but my master did

motherless boy when my father went out as vice-consul to Zanzebar.

The climate killed him, but my master did not part with me, and when the bank smashed which held my little heritage the good man retained me as a teacher. In vain I tried for another situation; alas! my referee was no more. Then for a clerkship, but the times were bad, and firms discharging their employes instead of engaging them. Those who knew me, as is usual in such cases, withdrew into their shells, and when they emerged from them were rude and unfeeling. Near relations I had none. Footsore and weary I had walked the points of the compass after every advertisement that seemed likely—or, indeed, unlikely—to suit; all disappointments; so I sat down in my one room in Bernard Street, Russell Square, the tenancy of which would expire with the week, wondering what on earth I should do, my thoughts revolving in a circle and terminating where they commenced. "Everything comes to those who wait," is the saving; but, unfortunately, a roof over one's head and a breakfast and dinner every day are essential to that process. "Why do you not strike out, you foot?" I said angrily to myself. "You are nearly four-and-twenty years of age, well educated, and yet giving way like a girl." My diet had been extremely frugal of late; I was wearing down, body and mind.

Again I took up "The Times," to see if by charge I bad averloaked anything. No.

was wearing down, body and mind.

Again I took up "The Times," to see if by chance I had overlooked anything. No.

"Wanted, an accomplished governess, advanced English, grammatical analysis, fluent French, perfect German, brilliant pianist and artist toils and water, an exhibitor at the R. A. preferred; must be able to work a sewing machine, 'Wilcox & Gibbs," Poor young woman! Who would undertake it unless, like me, starving? "Wanted, a coachman to drive two horses of decidedly pions habits." No mistake about those being good animals. "Wanted to purchase a practice near London by a young surgeon, or douceur offered

After much trouble and deliberation I found a front parlor in a very old-fashioned house, situated in Hart-st., Bloomsbury, almost within the classic shade of the British Museum, in a line with Mudie's, and a few doors from Bloomsbury church—what could be more respectable?

Mudie's, and a few doors from Bloomsbury church
—what could be more respectable?

I had to be very careful in my expenditure for
furnishing my office. I bought a fourth-hand library table, which I re-covered and rubbed up myself: also a chair, the twin of dear Oliver Goldsmith's at South Kensington. Then I sought for
an imposing-looking one, in which to seat my
clients. At last I met with my piece de resistance,
for it was the only handsome furniture in the
room, at the sale of a dentist's effects—an operating chair. A cocoa matting on the floor, a map
of Europe (my own property), five feet by seven,
on the wall where the paper was shabby, another
of the Holy Land en face, a cast of Minerva I
bought from an Italian boy, on the mantelshelf
where a clock ought to have been, completed the
interior of my office. Fortunately the windows
were provided with obsolete wire blinds; but it
was very expensive having gold letters fixed on
the glass panes—"Universal and Confidential
Agency." As I did not wish my own name to be
known, I assumed that of "Gainer" (for did I not
wish to become one?), and had it placed on my
office door.

in a new suit from Hyams's over the way, choosing mourning, out of respect to the memory of my lost griend; black studs, black watch-guard, a narrow band on my hat—what looks nicer than new black a peades it shows you have had some one

belonging to you; and being so lonely, I set a value on that. I retained my bedroom in Bernard-st., for my landlady had been good to me in my pov-

on that. I retained my bedroom in Bernard-St., for my landlady had been good to me in my poverty—and it was cheap.

The next day I opened my Universal Agency. There I sat in my Gold-mith chair, pen in hand, a prefusion of papers scattered over the table artistically. Nobody came, though I could see through the blind that many persons stopped to read the announcement, and look up and down the house, but no one entered. The following day was the same, and the next. I began to fear that the appearance was not soeattractive as I had imagined, but on the fourth morning a tall man stopped and looked in at the window, then entered and tapped at my office door. "Enter," cried I, and he did so. I bowed; he bowed I indicated the operating chair, upon which he seated himself, and looked at me steadily I returned the compliment, and must confess I did not like the look of him at all. It was not his dress nor his carriage, which was stiff and rather military, but his physiognomy. His eyes were dark, overhung by a forehead suggestive of Rush at Madame Tussaud's; nose pointed, with nostrils that appeared to be sniffing something unpleasant. His mouth was hidden by a thick black mustache, much manipulated, with spikes at the ends; his complexion sallow; age between forty and fifty.

"I have called to ask a question," he commenced; "does your agency insert and receive advertisements?"

"That is more the business of a news-agent," said I.

"Would you permit an interview between

"Would you permit an interview between parties who replied to one?"

"I have never done so yet, but see no objection."
(I did not wish to lose a client.) "Of course, it would depend upon the nature of the advertise-

ment."

"Certainly, certainly; it is nothing objectionable or unbecoming a gentleman. I am a military man, and have served in the Turkish army."

"If it is anything in the military line——"

"It is not for myself," interrupted my client,
"it concerns a lady."

(Matrimonial, thought I, but he looks too old and ugly for it.)

(Matrimonial, thought I, but he looks too old and ugly for it.)

"I have the charge of a young lady, the daughter of a dear and valued friend, now no more. It is an embarrassing, onerous duty for me, a backelor. If she were better provided for I would marry her, but that is out of the question. I wish to advertise for a happy home for her, where the terms are low, or reciprocal."

"I should have thought that a governess agency—"

"You no" he interrupted, raising both hands

"I should have thought that a governess agency—"
"No, no," he interrupted, raising both hands deprecatingly, "nothing of that kind. I do not wish to be worried or talked over by women. I must see my way. It is a duty I owe to a deceased friend. What would this world be without friendship—and gratitude?" moralized this good man.
"It manages to revolve without much of either," answered I. He opened his pocket-book and took out a pager.

out a paper.
"I have drawn up an advertisement; will you read it, adding the address of your paper? You will easily understand I do not wish to give that

of my club."
It ran as follows: "Wanted, a strict home for a young girl, where she can be usefully employed, on reciprocal terms. Address, 'Philanthropist,'

etc. "Strict people? Why so?"

"She takes the bit between her teeth sometimes," replied the Colonel, shaking his head, "and is averse to work, requiring to be kept up like a whipping top. She is not sufficiently educated to be a governess.

Seeing no objection to the proposal, I consented, and he laid down half a guinea on the table.

"Shall I forward the answers to your club?" I asked.

"Shall I forward the answers to your club?"

I asked.
"No, thanks, I will look in as I pass by," he replied, taking his leave. So I dispatched his advert sement to "The Times."

In business there is too much occupying the mind to allow its dwelling on individuals, and, fortunately, several other clients appeared after the ice was broken. On the fourth morning I was scarcely scated in my office when a handsome young man entered. There was no mistaking his profession: the open, cheerful, sunburned face, bright eyes and careless gait denoted the naval profession. He scemed to bring in a wait of scal-breaze with him.

"May I ask," said he, looking round the office, "what your meaning is by confidential agency?"
"A business medium or arbitrator in private affairs."
"Leonclude you do odd jobs for parties who

affairs." I conclude you do odd jobs for parties who

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"Methwold, Bertoft, Lincolnshire.

"My Dear Daughter: For such you are in spite of all. In the course of twenty-eight long years I have never had a letter from you but once."

"Mark that, and my mother wrote repeatedly," put in Dwarris. I resumed reading.) "You spoke of your little boy Philip—named after me—perhaps I did not deserve that at your hands. My child, forgive your father, who is dying—when you receive this he will be no more. Surrounded by difficulties, I have hidden my will in the old jointure-house, uninhabited for thirty years—it is for your son to find. Here is a guide to its hiding-place: Abbot's room, twelve paces northeast, five feet and a half elevation, minth carving of mitre. God bless you and Philip. Your affectionate, misguided father,

"What a strange thing," said I as I finished.

"What a strange thing," said I as I finished.

"Is it not? At first my mother thought she would consult a lawyer; then determined to wait for me coming home. She feels confident that there was foul play, that my grandfather was coerced—his wife was capable of anything; she was very cruel to my mother."

"Did your mother's brother leave any children?" asked I, "for if not, the estate must be yours."

"I believe there was one that died in infancy. My mother was the elder; when she ran away with my father, this brother was at school; he was forbidden to write to her, but occasionally did so by steal-h, therefore little was known of him."

known of him."

"Who was your grandfather's second wife?"

"A Miss Grimshaw, an old maid, older than he, and, as he died at eighty-five, she must be near a hundred. Now, I want you to accompany me into Lincolnshire, as soon as I can get leave, to see how the land lies-can you do it."

Yes, I could do it, as far as I saw at present. Then he said he would pay all the expenses, and inquired the value of my time. I named a very moderate price, for I liked him, and would have as soon worked for love as for money, but I know it never answers to allow sentiment to combine with business. Promising to give me timely notice of our expedition, he departed, and it seemed as if a beam of sunshine had gone with him.

In the meantime two letters had arrived for my Colonel, one with the post mark Kidderminster, the other Peckham. The Colonel came for them as he promised, saying he would wait a day or two longer, and then appoint an interview. My success clated me; and the following Sunday I resolved to give myself and my new suit of clothes an airing in Hyde Park. I had not been there for months—when one is poor and shabby, obscurity is the best place for one; but that dismal time was over, I hoped, forever. Goodlooking and well-dressed young men not being uncommon in that resort, I did not attract particular attention; when whom should I run against but Green, an old school-fellow, now a Chancery clerk; he was one of the friends who had withdrawn into his shell, and been rude to me in my adversity. He stared at me in astonishment, for when he saw me last I was down, down, very down, in spirits and apparel. Shaking hands with effusion, he glanced at my new suit of black.

"Why, you are in mourning!" cried he. "I was under the impression that you had no relations."

"You never heard me speak of an uncle in

was under the impression tions."

"You never heard me speak of an uncle in Demerara, did you?" replied I, pulling a long face.

"No!" cried Green eagerly, "I understood you were alone in the world." (The more shame for your behavior, then, thought I.)

"An uncle of whom I never gave a second thought," said I, "but he is not in existence." I shook my head and looked doleful.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Green, "then I suppose you inherit—I hope you've come in for a fortune."

"Not a large one; it's within a hundred thousand."

"Not a large one; it's within a hundred thousand."

"Good gracious!" cried he, "I'm sure I congratulate you—where are you living?"

"I have not come into any money yet," said I.

"No, no, of course not—always a twelvementh after. I'll call and see you, and you must dine with us, say next Sunday. My wife will be delighted to see you; her two sisters are staying with us, such nice girls."

"Thanks," replied I mournfully, "I cannot enter into any gayety under present circumstances; and shall not receive any old friends until I can entertain them as they deserve." As we were talking thus on the path, who should rein up in the road but Cockerell, on his nice chestnut horse. He is a stock broker's son, and in his father's business.

He is a stock broker's son, and in his father's business.

Before he could open his mouth, Green breathlessly exclaimed: "Such news! Here's Percival come into a fortune!"

Cockerell opened his eyes, which fixed on the mourning suit immediately, and stretched down a lavender kid glove to slake hands. "Rich uncle in Demerara, you know. We never heard Percy speak of him at school—did we?—family differences and all that sort of thing."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Cockerell, whose horse would keep jumping about, so he got out his words by jerks. "If there is anything we can do for you in Threadneedle Street, it—the quiet, you brute!—it'll be a pleasure to put an old friend up to a good thing—(gently, gently)."

"Thank you," said I, "the property is all so beautifully arranged, it would be a pity to disturb it; but if I have a few spare thousands, I'll think of you" This with a grand air which inspired them with prodigious respect: I had great difficulty in getting away from them. Now it was certainly wrong of me to deceive, but I had told no direct falsehood, and it was se delightful to be able to pay them out that I could not resist the temptation.

Only three letters came to my Colonel's advertisement. "I am particularly pleased with one

sist the temptation.

Only three letters came to my Colonel's advertisement. "I am particularly pleased with one letter," said he, "the people, the house, the terms; they seem 'firm' people: poor thing, it is a case where firmness is necessary," and he shook his head significantly. His manner and words did not impress me favorably for the lady. Was she in her right senses? I wondered.

"Now, there is one more particular I must ascertain; will it be convenient for me to introduce my friend's daughter to these people at 3 o'clock on Tuesday?"

on Tuesday?"
"Yes," I said, "it will be convenient; but I suppose you intend to get references as to respectability, and inspect their house before de-

iding?"

"Allow me to observe," he replied haughtily, rith a dark frown, "that I have not asked for our advice, nor am I accustomed to be dictated by persons I pay for their services. I believe that is your fee," handling me a sovereign.

"Well," answered I, "you must act as you still never as "

"No, it isn't, London is worser; besides, we live on the outsidirts; the factory chimblys is high," said she.

It suddenly occurred to me that the philanthropic Colonel was sending his protege to work in a carpet manufactory.

"I suppose a great many hands are employed—and young women?" Evidently believing me to be in the Colonel's confidence, she replied:

"Lots—'undreds, seven 'undred in our'n, the Albert Works; nearly 'alf is women."

I was afraid to pursue the conversation too far, yet another question was necessary to enable me to put that and that together and form a clew to the girl's destination.

"Many of the girls board out, I suppose?"

"We has twenty-seven on 'em in our establishment; she"—pointing to the poor young lady—"she will be twenty-seven on 'em in our establishment; she"—pointing to the poor young lady—"she will be twenty-seven on 'em in our establishment; she"—pointing to the poor young lady—"the will be twenty-seven on 'em in our establishment; she"—the summary of the girls board out, I suppose?"

Then the don't ceased. The Colonel said something in a whisper to the young lady—the last word I caught—it was the same as that of Charles I, on the scaffold: "kiemember?"

Then the man and woman with their poor little charge entered the waiting cab, and the Colonel strod-away in the opposite direction. Now, what was this incident being enacted under my own eyes? I did not like its aspect. It seemed clear that these people supplied girl-workers for factories, and boarded them, making a living by it, no doubt. They might be respectable for what they were, but would prove hard task-masters; then the young lady was evidently refined, of a class unnecustomed to hard work—do what I would I saw no way to help her at present, and resolved to think the matter well out.

At midday I received a note from Mr. Philip Dwarris, who had obtained leave of absence for a few days; he wished me to accompany him to Lincolnshire the next morning. So that evening I locked up the office, nailing a card on the door wit

Lincolnshire the next morning. So that evening I locked up the office, nailing a card on the door with "Out" written upon it.

I met the young naval officer by appointment at King's Cross, and in the course of a few hours we were listening to the old tunes from the tower of Boston's line church, familiarly called the "Stump." Of course my companion was in "mufti"; still he bore the stamp of what he was every inch a sailor. Sitting at lunch we arranged our plans. I was to take the lead in ascertaining particulars of the Carruthers family, By Mrs. Dwarris not having received notice from them of her father's decease, it seemed clear that chicanery was at work; to circumvent it, all inquiries must be conducted cautiously. My first move was to call on a solicitor in Boston, whom Mr. Dwarris remembered as transacting law business for the old gentleman. My errand was ostensibly to ask if he could inform me whether the old jointure-house on the Methwold estate could be let to a desirable tenant, who wished to convert it into a small farm, or could that portion of land be purchased? The office of Mr. Deedswell stood near that part of Beston called the Bargate, one of the best localities, where I was fortunate enough to find him disengated; he was an alert old gentleman, with white hair and gold spectacles, through which he inspected me.

"Perhaps you will be surprised to hear," said he, in reply to my preconcerted, question, "that I no longer manage law business for the Carruthers family, "All the documents, leases, agreements," family, "All the documents, leases, agreements,"

and so forth, were taken out of our hands ten years ago. I felt it keenly, as our firm was the Carrethers' lawyer for three generations. As for the old Manor House, it was a dower residence for the widows and unmarried ladies of the family; it is half a ruin, and would require more money to be laid out upon it to make it habitable than Madame Cartathers would care to spend. I know the old gentleman tried to let it many years ago, but no one would take it, for it is far from a town, has no near neighbors save the family at Methwold, and has neither hunting nor fishing to recommend it."

"Do you know how the property is left, and who owns this old house?"

"May I ask if you are a lawyer yourself?" asked he shrewdly.

"No." I cepl'ed, "I am an agent. I am sent to investigate matters by a gentleman who has his eye upon that house."

"All law matters are now in the hands of Mr. Grimshaw, of Methwold Hall."

"Indeed," I said, "who is he?"

"It is, I believe, a relation—some say a nephew,—of the old lady."

"A solicitor?"

"So it is reported."

"A solicitor?"

"So it is reported."

"Is answers were so guarded that I could not very well ask more questions, therefore, thanking him, took leave.

ing him, took leave.

Dwarris was surprised at my news—all documents to be in the hands of a relation to Mrs.

Carruthers confirmed his suspicion of unfair deal-

"No wonder the poor fellow hid his will," cried he; "but they are clever enough to have manufactured another to their own advantage. Now, what is to be done?"

After deliberating, we agranged to drive ten miles in a hired vehicle, then to walk the re-

what is to be done?"

After deliberating, we arranged to drive ten miles in a hired vehicle, then to walk the remaining five to Bertoft, a small village, sleeping there that night. After dismissing the trap we easily found our way by a straight road with deep drains (as they call what seem more like canals) full of water on both sides of it. Beyond were fields, then a dreary flat of waste or fens stretching away to the horizon, which it met—in fact, giving the effect of the sea as the red sun dipped behind it. The so-called village consisted of an inn, a post office and general shop, a smithy, a cluster of cottages, and an old church on the outskirt; the one street was paved with knobby stones, like a French town. The inn-keeper opened his eyes with amazement at the entrance of two gentlemen with valises—it was quite an event in that out-of-the-way place. He was a very large, heavy man, of true Lincoln-shire build, but, in spite of an expressionless face, was evidently very curious to know all about us; therefore Dwarris took out a sketch-book in the evening and began to draw (which he did very nicely). I followed his example (very badly). This baffled him. I heard the barmaid say, "So they're hartisses?" We slept in bedrooms clean and fresh as daisies, and, after an excellent breakfast, sallied forth to commence our investigations. Our first visit was to the church, where lay the deceased members of the Carruthers family: a venerable building; there is no county so full of interesting specimens of ecclesiastical architecture as Lincolnshire. The door was locked, but an old gravedigger in the churchyard went to the vicarage to fetch the key. A more curious church I never saw, the spire springing at once from the ground, not based on a square tower as usual.

The Carruthers monument was a handsome one of high elevation, inlaid with many-colored marbles, the apex bearing a shield with the arms of the family. Four generations lay there. New gold letters announced that Philip Carruthers, gentleman, of Methwold, and very much better acquainted. He recounted his adventures and voyages, and then I confided to him my life's story and recent struggles. He listened attentively, and I found in him what I had not enjoyed for many a long day-sympathy. In the course of conversation, I told him about the young girl who was, I believed, in the power of a not over-scrupulous man, and he agreed with me that the affair had an ugly aspect; yet how could I interfere on bare suspicion? "Being a young man would make inquiries awkward for you," concluded he. It seemed as if the next day would never pass, so impatient were we for dusk; but in the course of it we strolled about, and learned something about the neighborhood and Madam Carruthers as well. If ever woman inspired fear on the estate, she did. Although so rich, she was very avaricious, keeping the hall half shut up, that fewer servants might be necessary. She had completely governed the old squire in his lifetime, had all the leases made out to her own liking, and showed no mercy to temants who were not punctual with their rents.

"She be old," said the weman at a cottage, who gave us this information, "but doesn't seem her age, for she's dried up kindly; she's a awful woman, walks active as a girl, an' mostly o' nights—after dusk she walks, she do; they say strange things on her." The woman lowered her voice and looked round.

"What do they say?"

"That she's a witch—there be many on 'em in these parts. You may laugh, gentlemen, but it's true."

We afterward found out that the superstition

names to him.

On returning the key to the gravedigger I asked him a few questions.

"You have a fine old church," said I. "Where is Methwold, which the Carruthers family owned—is it near here?"

"The road over the field is gainer nor the ramper (high road); it's 'boot three mile, master."

"The Carruthers seem to be an old family."

"They wor—the Squire be the last on 'em."

"Indeed, who has the estates now?"

"Madam Carruthers, I've heard tell—the owld devii!"

"Madam Carruthers, I've heard tell—the owld devil:"

"The widow, I suppose; she does not seem to be a favorite of yours." The old man grinned.

"If she's a favorite of anybody's it's the owld un's. She never comes to church, she grinds the poor, she never gives nothing; but tho' she's ninety, if she's a day, she's got a' her wits, and active like a lass; they do say as she's out a' neets, and ligs i' bed i' th' morn." He nodded his head significantly—what he meant we could not guess. We rewarded him for his trouble, and he took us to a stile and indicated a footway over the fields to Methwold, on the other side of which lay the jointure-house.

It proved a pleasant walk, and the country gradually became more wooded; there were fine poplars, and a few oak trees, and Methwold Hall was surrounded by elms and firs. It was approached through massive iron gates, guarded by a lodge, up a long drive through a park. We did not venture to enter, therefore only saw the pointed gables and quaint chimneys rising above the stees, but it was egetainly a fine place.

the starlight showed his face distinctly. For a moment there was a silence.

"Ah! I know you," she screamed. "I've been expecting you, and you've come at last. Ha! ha! ha! but there is nothing to be got—nothing. So you may tell that minx your mother that she did a fine day's work when she ran away with a fortune-hunter!"

"Madam," said Philip Dwarris, "I suppose you recognize me by my likeness to my grandfather; and I beg to say that you may abuse me as much as you like but my father's and mother's names. pointed gables and quaint chimneys rising above the trees; but it was certainly a fine place. Ascertaining from a boy minding sheep that the old Manor House tay a mile further on, we continued our ex-

Ascertaining from a boy minding sheep that the old Manor House lay a mile further on, we continued our exploration along an unfrequented road, down a long solitary lane, and presently came to broken fences overgrown with briars and tall ferns, then to a gate hanging on its binges; the avenue all weeds; neglected trees, stretching out long branches interlaced and matted together, touching one's head. The stone paving in front of the house was damp and slippery, through being overgrown by a thick moss. The hall door was padlocked, all the casements cracked or broken; the building was long and low-built, with a monastic quaintness about it. Making our way to the rear through thick shrubs, we entered what had been the garden, all overgrown with weeds, tall grasses, thistles and brambles, amidst which neglected flowery plants, remnants of its former cultivation, had struggled into bloom; at its foot was the remains of a moat, full of stagnant water and covered with duckweed. Birds flew up alarmed on all sides, and a huge thing with flapping wings passed over our heads with a loud screech—it was a drear, most uncanny place. The building was even in a worse state at the back than the front; a side door was so broken that a panel was easily pushed in, enabling us to enter. It is difficult to describe such an interior, originally old, now thick with the dust and cobwebs of thirty years' neglect; the floorings were so full of holes as to be almost unsafe, the fine old oaken staircase partly fallen down. What with the dust on the diamond-paned windows and the ivy and ercepers outside, the interior was very obscure, but after opening several doors we found the room indicated in old Mr. Carruthers's letter—a long apartment, oak-panelled, with a groined eciting, each point terminating in a carved mitre above the dado, which was a very tall one.

Acting according to directions, we examined all these ornaments, but failed to find even a scrap of paper in the hollow within them. Again and again we scrutinized them—walked the tw

he was right, but we could do nothing without proper implements.

"I tell you what, Gainer," said Dwarris, "let us hurry back to Berioft; I will hire a horse and ride over to Beston and buy what tools we require, and some candles, and come back here this very night. I shall not rest until I have taken down that mitre and panel."

We replaced the plank in the outside door very carefully, then retraced our steps to the front of the house.

"Hallot" gried I "here comes a man—a rough-

"Hallo!" cried I, "here comes a man—a roughlooking fellow too—carrying a gun. Out with
your sketch-book."

In a moment Dwarris was pencilling away
vigorously. The man came striding over the
brambles from the side of the avenue, calling out
something in a loud voice; but when he came
near enough to inspect us, stopped, evidently
making up his mind what to do.

"You gents is trespassing." he cried; "nobody's allowed to come in here. What are you
a-doing on?"

"Sketching," called back Dwarris.

Grimshaw. mentioned.

Mr. Deedswell knew little about the grand-

Mr. Deedswell knew little, about the grand-daughter; he believed her to be a young girl of weak intelleet, but under any circumstances a provision ought to have been made for her Acting according to the lawyer's advice, Dwarris, myself, Mr. Deedswell and his clerk, drove over to Methwold, and were surprised to find the gates wide open and people hanging about the house. On reaching the door we learned startling news. Madame Carruthers was dead. Two evenings before, she had taken her accustomed walk at her favorite time, after dusk; she had come in.

body's allowed to come in here. What are you adoing on?"

"Sketching," called back Dwarris.
Upon this the gamekeeper came up to us. He was a stolid-faced man of middle age.

"Why do not you have a board stuck up to warn people off?" asked Dwarris.

"Because nobody never comes; but it's as much as my place is worth to let strangers inscratching or not scratching. Madam and Mr. Grimshaw would have you taken to a magistrate."

"I do not see how they are to know it," said I, throwing him a shilling.

"Thank you, sir. Madam Carruthers hears everything."

"Of course she does, if you tell her; but if we are trespassing we will go at once."

"I'm sorry, but it will be best," said the game-keeper, "fer," lowering his voice and looking round, "she knows more than folks think on."

Certainly every one agreed in giving this old lady a strange character. There was nothing for it but to go. The gamekeeper accompanied us for a short distance. I thought he appeared purficularly attracted by Dwarris, and stood looking after him as we struck across the meadows. It so happened that a farmer was going over to Boston, and, through the mediation of our landlord, offered to drive Dwarris there and back in his trap, so that he returned in the evening with all the necessary purchases; but as it was late we were obliged to postpone our excedition until the following mid-

WALL PAPERS

SILK and other FABRICS for INTERIOR

DECORATION.

Who are you hanging about the gntes?" she cated. "Stand out in the road that I may see

I am sorry I said as much as I did," observed

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is the late Squire's grandson—he and his cousing inherit the estates."

"It's a lie! Mr. Carruthers left everything to his wife—after her, to me!"

"Oh, indeed," replied Mr. Deedswell calmly, "and when was the will executed?"

"It was made and witnessed on July 20, 1882."

"Just five years ago," observed the solicitor, putting on his glasses and producing an envelope from his pocket. "I have a document here of later date, executed and signed by the late Philip Carruthers at my office in Boston, last February. Now I must see Miss Alice."

"I must examine that will," said the other, advancing with effrontery to take it.

"No," replied the lawyer, "it shall not leave my possession. Where is the young lady?"

"Absent." is the late Squire's grandson-he and his cousin

"No," replied the lawyer, "it shall not leave my possession. Where is the young lady?"

"Absent."

"Where?"

"I shall not inform you.

"Why trouble Mr. Grimshaw, alias 'the Colonel," said I, suddenly stepping forward, to the surprise of every one. "I can inform you. Miss Carruthers has been sent to Kidderminster to work for her living in a carpet manufactory." When the man's eyes fell upon me he started back, gasping for breath. I thought he was going to have a fit. I related my story with volubility.

"You brute!" exclaimed Dwarris, "do not think you will escape justice."

"And pray, in what can the law touch me?" said he impudently. "What have I done?"

I believe he was right, he had kept within the law.

in these parts. You may be it's true."

We afterward found out that the superstition We afterward found out that the superstition with the superstition of the superstition of the superstition of the superstition in these country places; a good superstition of the su law.

Dwarris took possession at once, Mr. Deedswell and the clerk remaining with him. I left, carrying with me a telegram to Mrs. Dwarris from her son, desiring her to meet me at the Kidderminster station at a certain hour the following day to take her niece under her protection. I started at once, posting to Peterborough to catch an early train. Arrivea at Kidderminster. I found the Albert Works easily enough, and obtained from the manager addresses of several boarding-houses for female workers. I selected that of a Herr and Madame Risch, who lived in a dingy house near the factory, but I did not venture to call until accompanied by Mrs. Dwarris, who arrived the next day, according to appointment. Her surprise was great at the events which had followed each other in such rapid succession. She had been under the impression that her brother's child had died in infancy.

Poor Alice, a fragile girl, almost sank at my feet in gratitude at her deliverance. I left her in her aunt's care, seeing them both off for the old home at Methwold. For myself, I returned to my Universal and Confidential Agency, which had already proved itself a most useful institution. It had done wonders, considering its short existence. In a few days I received the following letter from Philip Dwarris:

"Dear Gainer: The funeral of Mrs. Carruth is over, her nephew, after much blustering, go, I have, by the advice of Mr. Deedswell, settle, small annuity upon him, which is more than deserves."

"My mother and little Alice will reside hera." w.

Dwarris took possession at once, Mr. Deedswell
d the clerk remaining with him. I left, carry-We afterward found out that the superstition is not yet extinct in these country places; a good brother, coming up from a village to a Methodist class-meeting at a town, in the course of a prayer asked to be saved "from witches and buzzards." At the approach of dusk we were again on our way to the old jointure-house, fortunately meeting no one in the fields; on the road we kept within the shadow of the trees. As stated before, we had to pass Methwold Hall. Evening was now closing in; there was a young moon, and the heavens were studded with myriads of stars, giving sufficient light to see the fine old mansion in the park; a wall ran from the gates for some distance. As we stood thus, we were startled by a shrill voice, apparently above our heads, exclaiming, "What are you men about there?" Looking up, we saw leaning over it (for inside was a high terrace walk) the outline of a female in wraps or shawls, a velvet hood, and a face quite in shadow, but from which gleamed eyes shining with a phosphoric light.

Dwarris instantly obeyed and raised his hat.
"I believe," said he, "that I am addressed by
Mrs. Carruthers." As he spoke and looked up,
the starlight showed his face distinctly. For a

deserves.

"My mother and little Alice will reside here.
The poor girl's education has been much neglected, and the hardships that old harridan made her endure make one's blood run cold, treating her worse than a waiting-weman, keeping her at neglected, night and away and sometimes looking. dure make one's blood run cold, treating her worse than a waiting-woman, keeping her at needlework night and day, and sometimes locking her up in her room. Now that 'Madam,' as they called her hereabouts, is dead and gone, people are not afraid to talk, and all kinds of stories are coming out about her. Who she was no one seems to know; she had no relations to visit her. Mr. Deedswell shrugs his shoulders; he says my grandfather picked her up at Baden, when he was there for his health, and when he first brought her home, upward of thirty years ago, she used to rouge up to her eyes. He seems to think she might have been a widow, and that Grimshaw is her son, although she passed as 'Miss'—but that is all over now. The man we saw at the jointure-house, Jaggery, is he who carried my grandfather's letter to Plymouth; the old gentleman would not trust it in the post-bag, and naid him well for taking a return journey to deliver it safely at my mother's house; he seems to have been much attached to the poor Squire, and has proved himself a faithful servant.

"May I ask if you find your agency business too profitable to leave it? I, my cousia, and my mother all combine in offering you the management of our property. To be land steward of the respective estates of Methwood and Wodney, at a thousand per annum and a house to live inwill that pay you?

"For myself, I intend to leave the navy. I have chosen the Wodney estate for my share, because it touches the sea, and intend to have a yacht floating off Grimsby, for I cannot altogether resign what seems my native element.

"Your sincere friend."

"HILLP CARRUTHERS."

It is needless to say how joyfully I accepted the offer, and so, wonderful to relate, made my and I beg to say that you may abuse me as much as you like, but my father's and mother's names are sacred. I am acquainted with the miserable lives you led her and her brother, from the moment my infatuated grandfather brought you through these very gates—a woman of whose antecedents he knew nothing—as his wife."

"What! How dare you!" she cried, striking the wall violently with her stick in her passion.

"You insult me!"

I took his arm. "Let us go," I whispered, "her shrill voice will attract attention to us."

As we walked on we heard her calling out some unpleasant denunciations after us. "She is mad," said I. "I am sorry I said as much as I did," observed my companion. "I own it was unmanly—still, she brought it on herself; she was a bitter enemy to my mother."

After this disagreeable incident we continued our way swiftly, and, reaching the broken gate of the jointure-house, groped our way through the dark tangled branches of the shrubbery. All was quiet save the creaking of the frogs and the cries of the owls, who resented the intrusion of strangers—more than once bats flapped their downy wings in our faces; it certainly was not a pleasant expedition.

gers-more than once bats flapped their downy wings in our faces; it certainly was not a pleasant expedition.

Once inside the door I struck a match and lighted a candle; attracting the damp it was instantly surrounded with a green halo, as well as by divers insects, great moths and cockroaches. The interior of the house was of inky darkness—a darkness that could indeed be "felt." Finding the mitre again, having the nail under it. Dwarris set to work, took it down, and then removed the plank below it; then, holding the light within the aperture, he was delighted to find a Russia-leather writing-case with his grandfather's monogram upon it; he placed it in his coat pocket.

"Poor old fellow," he said, "greatly as he feared his wife he managed to circumvent her at the eleventh hour?"

We regained our inn without further adventures. The case contained the will of the late Mr.

It is needless to say how joyfully I accepted the offer, and so, wonderful to relate, made my fortune in a fortnight.—The Gentleman's Maga-

eleventh hour?"

We regained our inn without further adventures. The case contained the will of the late Mr. Carruthers with several other papers, marriage certificates, and such like. The will surprised us; it had been executed by Mr. Deedswell, and dated only eight months ago: its contents were unexpected, for the Squire proved to have been far richer than his grandson supposed. He had made a handsome provision for his wife: legacies to servants; a large sum of money to his daughter, whom he forgave for her marrying Captain Dwarris. The remainder of his fortune, and two large estates, Methwold, and Wodney, Grimsby, were left respectively to his grandson and granddaughter. Alice Carruthers. Philip Dwarris uttered an exclamation of surprise. "I never knew I had a cousin," said he. "I will drive over to Mr. Deedswell at once, and place my affairs in his hands."

From what he related on his return it transpired that, although the old Squire had withdrawn the legal business of the estates some years before, he one day came to the solicitor's office in great haste, desiring him to make a new will there and then, which he did; it was properly witnessed, and signed, the Squire carrying it away with him. After his death another will had been produced, bequeathing everything to Mrs. Carruthers and to her heir, "his well-beloved mephew," Albert Grimshaw. None of his relations' names were mentioned.

Mr. Deedswell knew little, about the grand-

FLORAL CONFECTIONERY.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"Have you candied rose leaves, you know!" asked a young man about town, of the pretty girl in a fashionable candy store.

"Yes, sir: how much would you like!"

"One pound, aw—in a nice box, you know."

"Oh, certainly, sir. We put them up in French bon-bon boxes. Here it is, sir: four dollars, please."

"What! four dollars for one pound of candy. Impossible!"

The young man was frightened into speaking good English. The pretty girl smiled.

"The candy is only 83 a pound. The bon-bon box is 81—that makes four."

"11-don't think I'll take it. You can give me a pound box of mixed candles at the regular price, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, sir." and the obliging clerk changed the order, and the young man escaped solvent.

"There are plenty of young men who do buy them," said the girl. "Some take sweet violets, some like the candied rose leaves, and others perfer pinks done in sugar."

"What is the obligit of eating candled flowers!"

"What is the object of eating candled flowers?"
"To perfume the breath. All young society ladies arry perfumed sweets with them to the theatre and parties, everywhere they go indeed. Some of the care are they lozenges put up in fancy vials like these are they lozenges put up in fancy vials like these."

They looked like homeopathic medicines—small sugar pills in all colors. There were violet bijous of a lovely lavender e.b.r. musk bijous pink and pretty, and a lot of other sweets for the breath.

"And the price?"

"Oh, those are cheap enough; only ten cents a bottle. Then there are the mixed flavors for the hombonnieres, the little round boxes fastened to the corsage. Even the gentlemen are beginning to use them instead of cloves and coffee to sweeten the breath."

PROBABLY NOT A DEMOCRATIC POSTMASTER.

PROBABLY NOT A DEMOCRATIC POSIMASTER.

From The Boston Herald.

Down in Gloucester there lives a man who prespects and sells a special paint, whose special province is to prevent barractes and seaweed from accumulating upon ships' bostoms. He puts it up in cans, duly labelled, and, with becoming modesty, he puts his own name in small type, while the words "Barnacles and Seaweed" appear in all the slory of six-line pica. Now one of these cans fell into the hands of somebody in Norway, who tested the paint, liked it, and "anted some more. He couldn't read a word of English, but he took the words in big type to be the name of the manufacturer, and, accordingly, wrote a letter addressed to "Barnacles & Seaweed, Gloucester, Mass., U. S. A." It is needless to say that the letter was the subject of no little comment which it contained was duly fifled. Let us hope that should the election result it a change of Administration, that postumaster at least will be retained. He has clearly proved his peculiar fitness for the place.

Madame Carruthers was dead. Two evenings before, she had taken her accustomed walk at her favorite time, after dusk; she had come in, rung the bell sharply for water, saying she felt faint, but before it could be brought had fallen back in her chair, dead. The doctors called in had agreed that her death was through failure of the heart's action.

The solicitor, taking French leave, led us across the spacious vestibule to the library, much to the amazement of the servants. We were not left long, when heavy footsteps were heard hurriedly approaching, the door was violently opened, and a tall man entered, exclaiming—

"What do you mean by this intrusion?"

Amazement! He was my Colonc!!

"The legal affairs of the Carruthers family are no longer in your hands, Mr. Deedswell,"

"I am resuming them at the request of Mr. Dwarris, and act also for Miss Carruthers and Mrs. Dwarris, and act also for Miss Carruthers and Mrs. Dwarris, "Who is this Dwarris?"

"Who is this Dwarris?"

"You know perfectly well, Mr. Grimshaw. He The Popular Movement in Watches.—First Seedy Individual—I lost my watch yesterday.

Second Seedy Individual—Was it a good one ?

"Eighteen karat."

"What movement—Eigin or Waltham?"

"Neither. Three-ball."—(Omaha World.